

Apart from enthusiasm and an occasional addiction to what is known as "fine writing" (which has easily assuaged—the whole story of Keats's glorious and dolorous life is well told. As regards the latter, it was not so long ago that the poet died in 1833, and the period would have been reduced by frequent withdrawals from the stage through illnesses caused by acts which left him more leisure than desire to bring his talent to repentance. It was a career of pain, that, after untold endurance, burst forth into glory and ended in darkness. It is told of him that he grew up like a rocket and came down like a stick; but the light which he shed for a time dazzled and delighted the world, and the very memory of it is an exquisite pleasure to old players. Mr. Hawkins says that one of the objects in writing this biography was to prove that the "faint" characters which now prevail in great measure to be attributed to Keats's strong conceptive power and intuitive grasp of his author's sense." In this object we find Mr. Hawkins, in popular phrase, "quite at sea"; for where is there a fine comprehension of Shakespeare's tragic characters? The "faint" comprehension as he is to be said of such comprehension as there is on the part of many worthy and conscientious players, that springs from Edmund Keats? He was a master, but

"Just after he had got into the stage in one of the scenes of *Richard III*," and "while the undiminished applause of the house was rushing about him like an overwhelming torrent," he caught the sight of a subordinate performer, dressed as a woman in the play of which he was the hero. "Do you not know me, my friend?" "No, sir," returned the man, "somebody at such an unexpected interrogatory: 'I fear that I cannot claim the honor of having ever been known to you.' 'You mistake. Don't you recollect when you played the part of . . . at Drury Lane when you played . . . up your train? I was that little boy.' The story of the man who claimed to be a brother actor with Garrick, I forget. 'When you played Hamlet I played the Cock,' is precisely the reverse of this."

Mrs. Garrick's admiration of her husband was never greater than that of Keate for George Frederick Cooke, of whom she used to tell the following characteristic stories:

"When George Frederick was playing at Liverpool the managers found great difficulty in

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